"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS IN WAR." *See page 20*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 457 | SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

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For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See Page 20.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 20, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's form on page 20, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 20.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, March 10 and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, March 11.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

C. H. SWANN, 33, Newhall Street, Tipton. February 13th. A062,303.

HARRY HAINEY, Greenwood, Dreyhorn, Ayrshire. February 6th. 108,651.

MISS M. SWAN, 11, Till Hill Lane, nr. Coventry. February 6th. 021,230.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 27th:—

000318	154728	371512	558544	843156
007496	182342	388085	592943	859517
009241	193439	403288	635970	864139
057662	195423	422316	655005	938029
073906	225793	441332	694431	949781
082166	244283	481602	696402	975311
103574	262502	501675	709904	A000785
124652	300820	510004	734154	A009657
128542	321636	524579	790542	A026380
130759	337351	542065	802444	A054782

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 10th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. March 6, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Mar. 13th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Sheffield U.	v.	Manchester C.
			Aston Villa	v.	Middlesbro'
			Liverpool	v.	Newcastle U.
			Bradford	v.	Tottenham H.
			Oldham A.	v.	Burnley
			Manchester U.	v.	Bradford City
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Chelsea
			Notts. C.	v.	West Bromwich A.
			Sunderland	v.	Sheffield W.
			Blackburn R.	v.	Everton
			Glossop	v.	Leicester F.
			Fulham	v.	Preston N.E.
			Stockport C.	v.	Bury
			Hull City	v.	Bristol City
			Arsenal	v.	Birmingham
			Portsmouth	v.	Crystal Palace
			Southend U.	v.	Exeter City
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Cardiff City
			Millwall A.	v.	Brighton & Hove
			Croydon Common	v.	Norwich City

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

17 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do), your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest No. 17, and send to reach us not later than Friday, March 12th.

3. The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on Saturday, Mar. 13th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,500, the £250, or the £100, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,500, the £250, the £100, as well as the special £25 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, MARCH 12th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Sheffield U. v. Manchester C.				Glossop v. Leicester F.
			Aston Villa v. Middlesbrough				Fulham v. Preston N. E.
			Liverpool v. Newcastle U.				Stockport C. v. Bury
			Bradford v. Tottenham H.				Hull City v. Bristol City.
			Oldham A. v. Burnley				Arsenal v. Birmingham
			Manchester U. v. Bradford City				Portsmouth v. Crystal Palace
			Bolton Wand. v. Chelsea				Southend U. v. Exeter C.
			Notts C. v. West Bromwich A				Queen's Park R. v. Cardiff C.
			Sunderland v. Sheffield W.				Millwall A. v. Brighton & Hove
			Blackburn R. v. Everton				Croydon Common v. Norwich C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 457. Week ending Saturday, March 6th, 1915. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters. All communications should be addressed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for February 27th, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 504,002.

Any person possessing this copy should apply to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Great Events Pending.

Look out for some big things in connection with the war, during the next few weeks. Italy, Holland, Denmark, have nearly made up their minds; Kitchener's new Army is about to strike—and *the German navy is coming out of its hiding place*, or, rather, will be forced out; but here comes the Censor!

Still Recruiting.

As intimated last week, we are now arranging an extensive provincial recruiting tour—making the large music halls and variety theatres our main centres of attack. We have found this the most fertile enlisting ground in the past—the fact being that it reaches a section of the community which rarely troubles about ordinary public meetings.

Women Recruiters.

So Mrs. Pankhurst is to follow our example, and "go on the halls"—recruiting. Good luck to her. And what splendid work other women are doing.. To take two distinct types, we will wager that Madame Clara Butt and Miss Vesta Tilley have coaxed thousands to the Colours.

"Men must Work"—

"And Women Must Weep," as the old song says. And that is why strikes must not be permitted during the war. But we are not impressed with the Government's Arbitration Scheme—under a Business Government we should have a much shorter cut than that, to a solution of Labour problems.

Absinthe and Whisky.

Whoever is responsible for Mr. Lloyd George's statement that "absinthe is to the French what whisky is to the English"? We will gladly back ourselves to drink two whiskies to the right hon. gent.'s one absinthe, and then walk him for a "monkey" along a chalk line.

Battersea Re-Visited.

It was quite like olden times to find ourselves in the robust, democratic atmosphere of Battersea—and we are delighted to hear that our visit was productive of excellent results. Everybody at the great meeting, by tacit, unrehearsed understanding, avoided all reference to Mr. Burns—but we could not help noticing an undercurrent of disappointment at his absence, and his silence. We still appeal to him to come out of his shell—and, however honestly he may be opposed to the war policy of the country, to help us through with the ghastly job. Then, when it is all over, we will listen attentively to whatever he has to say.

"Bottomley for Battersea."

We hasten, however, to correct the report that we have our eye on the constituency. If, and when, we decide to return to the great Talking House, we do not anticipate much difficulty, whenever we are ready, in finding a seat—indeed, if we had not become acclimatised to the passing currents of the political world, we should, by now, have developed a rare attack of "swelled head" at the number which have been offered us. But there is no hurry. Whilst the war is on, Parliament doesn't count—*under the Party system!*

"Save Us——"

If the Government *will* put up a Member like Sir Thomas Whittaker to act as its champion, it must take the consequences. Hence Mr. Lloyd George must not be angry at the right hon. pumpuritan's congratulations upon the new policy of the Exchequer in "seeking the advice of financial experts upon financial matters." If Sir Thomas were not a water-bibber, and consequently devoid of all sense of humour, we should have congratulated him upon a subtle shaft aimed at the Party system.

An "Anti-Gambling" Convert.

We observe with interest that amongst recent transfers of shares in the company owning this journal is one into the name of our dearly-beloved friend, Mr. Gulland, of the Anti-Gambling League, who appears to have purchased them from a turf tipster. The fact that our proprietary now includes this professional puritan will not, however, involve any change in the policy of our paper.

"The Cry of the Soul."

We regret that we have not space to print some of the remarkable letters of appreciation which our recent article has called forth. Later on, we shall, doubtless, return to the subject. We wish, however, to correct an unfortunate misprint which crept in at the last moment. The sentence to the effect that the ignorant savage believes that behind all phenomena there is "the same great Controlling Power" should read, "*Some* great Controlling Power." And there, for the moment, we leave the matter.

Last chance to win £1,500 for Football skill. Final Coupon. See page 3!

Herr John Bull Müller.

Goods imported from Holland must carry a certificate of origin in order to prove that they do not come from Germany or Austria. In a certificate relating to stemmed tobacco, now before us, the undersigned parties do solemnly and truly declare "that all particulars of the goods mentioned and described hereunder, shipped by (here is set out the name of a Rotterdam firm) in respect of the said goods are correct and true," this being "sworn at the British Consulate General, Rotterdam . . . before me, (sgd.) F. W. Müller, British Pro-Consul." Is not it delightful to know that British Consular interests in a neutral country are in the hands of so characteristic a specimen of our noble and sturdy race? We have not Herr Muller's certificate of origin, by the way, but we will bet the British Foreign Office a Frankfurt sausage to a full hank of red tape that the British Pro-Consul is not an Aberdonian Scotsman.

Snowden's Charges.

We do not very often agree with Mr. Philip Snowden, but we are in a position to confirm his statement to the effect that "a gang of unscrupulous exploiters were taking advantage of the present situation to fill their own pockets." Mr. Snowden has professed himself reluctant to give names of firms and specific cases. Whether he is in a position to do so or not, *we* have evidence in our possession which will be produced at the right time. And that will be when the war is over. To bring forward at the moment proof of the dastardly unpatriotism of certain British firms of importance would be to place a weapon in the hands of our enemies. So for a while the enemy within our gates—Britishers battening on the people—must be allowed to enjoy a certain measure of immunity. But when the war is over, some of them must hang. Meanwhile, perhaps this warning will induce them to reconsider their ways and be wise.

Pay Up!

In the neighbourhood of Ingatestone, Essex, early last September, a force of some 700 navvies, in the temporary service of the War Office, invaded the country-side, commandeering 20 miles of ground right down to the Thames. With their picks and shovels they cut trenches, obviously as a precaution in the event of invasion by the Huns. No one in the district has a word to say against this prudent measure—though the whole of the work has been found unnecessary, and has, in fact, now fallen into ruin. The farmers and landlords whose ground has thus been torn up and rendered barren are, however, still looking to the Treasury for compensation. In the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the tenants are unable to pay their rents, and it would, therefore, be well if someone in authority took the matter in hand and saw that the sufferers are promptly reimbursed their losses.

The Dying *Daily Citizen*.

The wire-pullers of the so-called Labour paper have had another meeting in London, passed yet one more resolution, and scooted from the metropolis. For the future—a few weeks at the most—the paper will be published in Manchester, and subsist upon voluntary subscriptions—a special request for a hundred thousand shillings having been issued. There is something pathetic in the first list, Messrs. Ramsay Macdonald, John Hodge and Arthur Henderson subscribing twenty shillings each! The amount of their stake fully justifies our statement as to the hopelessness of the attempt to resuscitate the paper. By the way, the *Daily Citizen* must not, of course, be confused with the staid and flourishing weekly *Citizen*, now in its 34th year, and still going strong.

Starvation Camp.

It seems hopeless to endeavour to induce the authorities to see that our men in training are given the food that is necessary to build them up, but we must enter a protest against the starvation of the troops at Milford Camp, Witley Common, Surrey. A two-pound loaf per day among five artillerymen is not sufficient, nor can a pint of tea with no solids be considered a sybaritish meal. It is scarcely to the credit of the officer in command that the men have to spend their hard-earned pay on food outside, simply because the rationing arrangements have broken down, or somebody who is responsible to the War Office has not backbone enough to insist upon the men having their rights. There has already, in one battery, been a remarkably open exhibition of discontent; but we are glad to hear from a deputation of men, speaking on behalf of the remainder of the troops, that they will not break any of the rules until the result of this appeal is known. What will it be?

Medical Advice.

Here is a delicious reply, addressed to "Troubled Elsie," in a recent issue of a largely read Sunday journal:—

> The symptoms to which you refer strongly suggest this most troublesome but not at all dangerous complaint. Your only hope of cure lies in your placing yourself in the hands of a competent physician who, by trying one remedy after another and carefully noting their effects, may perhaps lessen the unpleasant symptoms. The condition is almost never dangerous to life.

The idea of a "competent physician" experimenting upon the poor girl by "trying one remedy after another" on the off-chance of "perhaps lessening the unpleasant symptoms" is as crude as the assurance that "the condition is almost never dangerous to life." We should not be surprised if "Troubled Elsie" makes up her mind to "almost never" write to the papers again!

Too Old at 80.

The Croydon Rural District Council—which, by the way, is about to be absorbed into a new municipal authority—is celebrating its last days in fine style. For instance, to quote from a recent agenda:—"The Surveyor reported that J. Spice, senior, who had been foreman of the works for 34 years, and who was now 79 years of age, was unable, owing to ill-health, to perform the duties of foreman. The Committee resolved that Spice be given easier work, and that his wages be reduced to 15s. per week." It would be interesting to know what superannuation and other allowances will be provided for the higher officials when the Council is handed over to the new Urban District authority.

Curious Query.

"Can you tell me," asks a Greenwich reader, "where is the flour which Canada sent as a gift? I thought it was to be distributed among the poor, but some people say the Co-op. bought it. Any news?" We know that what's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh, but it will take a great deal to convince us that what was flour in Canada is now bread in the Co-op. Come to think of it, nevertheless, it would be interesting to have some official information about that flour. Surely the Press Bureau has not consumed it utterly and suppressed the news.

Cash and Catastrophe.

As a sequel to our recent critcism of the effort in this country to raise money for the Italian Earthquake Fund, we are pleased to learn that the matter has been summarily dropped, and that the subscriptions—which were held intact by the London City and Midland Bank—have now been sent to Rome.

The Biggest Prize offer made by any paper. See "Bullets" page 32.

Another Patriot Punished.

Yet one more would-be soldier has been imprisoned—Alfred Knight, of 5, Alexandra Street, Derby, who attempted to enlist in the Sherwood Foresters. He wanted to do his bit, and we think that a point might have been stretched to let him do it. Unfortunately, the Derby Borough Magistrates—like their Salford colleague—held other views. Alfred, as it happens, had been discharged from the R.A.M.C. at Sheffield on the ground that he would not make an efficient soldier. The facts upon which this decision was formed are unknown to us; but obviously he was a persistent patriot, else he would not have attempted to join up in another unit. He was charged with making a false attestation, and the borough magistrates regarded his "crime" in a very serious light. Alfred explained that he was unable to pass the examinations, but that he wanted to serve his country, and he was rewarded with twenty-one days' hard labour! We are now trying to think out what sort of reward the magistrates deserve who took it upon themselves to punish patriotism in this drastic fashion.

For Shame!

The building bye-laws of the Rawtenstall Corporation seem to go from strength to strength. Some time ago we pointed out that no denizen of the Borough might safely erect a dog-kennel or a rabbit-hutch in his back-garden without first submitting a plan of the proposed edifice for the approval of the municipal authorities, and we now learn that this absurd stringency has been carried to a point where it ceases to be merely silly and becomes a serious menace. A consumptive patient, supplied with an open-air shelter by the local Insurance Committee, has been forbidden to use it until plans of the simple structure are approved. In this way the unhappy sufferer has already been forced to postpone his treatment for several weeks, during which his chance of recovery may perhaps have been seriously impaired. One or two members of the Insurance Committee have at length undertaken to approach the Borough Surveyor upon the matter, and we trust we may hear no more of such scandalous excesses of official zeal.

'Ware the Mormons.

We do not desire to see all the married Tommies in training rushing back home to combat the Mormons, but a letter from a Dovercourt soldier does suggest that there is danger on the line. Of course, there may be a great deal of difference between the Englishman's home being invaded by Mormons and being invaded by Germans, but it takes a lot of discovering, and Tommy may be too busy to try to find out. This, therefore, is to warn the wife or the girl he has left behind him. "Soldiers' wives in the vicinity of Walthamstow are being visited by Mormons," says our anxious correspondent. "Many may be unaware of their insidious teaching, and my wife has written about them visiting my home in my absence. Will you warn the women?" We will. When a Mormon visits an absent soldier's wife to leave a tract, she should "shoo" him off. Some wicked old sinner away in Salt Lake City may want her for his nineteenth beloved.

The End in Sight.

As an illustration of the general opinion that we are at the beginning of the end of the war, we learn that, so far, the majority of the competitors who have entered the great skill competition in connection with which £25,000 is being offered in prizes for predicting, amongst other things, the date of the Peace Treaty between the Allies and Germany, have placed it within the compass of the next few months. They have evidently been studying their JOHN BULL.

Asking for Trouble.

At the Limavady (Ulster) Petty Sessions, an Austrian subject was recently charged with a breach of the Aliens' Restriction Order, and, after a thorough magisterial investigation, sentenced to a term of imprisonment. No sooner was he committed to gaol than a private memorial on his behalf was submitted to Dublin Castle, and, upon the strength of this and of certain informal representations, the prisoner was unconditionally released. To make matters worse, the whole business seems to have been put through without reference to the views of the Justices, who, upon the sworn testimony before them, had taken a most serious view of the case. In the words of the Chairman of the Bench, they held that the "accused was a man who could successfully act as a spy, and of the very type who helped to bring disaster upon the coasts of England." Mr. Birrell should be invited to make public the information which induced him to interfere with the normal course of justice in the interest of an avowed enemy of the King.

The Lights o' Dover.

We hear of dissatisfaction amongst the old married Navy men of Dover. When we say "old," we do not mean decrepit, but those who have done their bit in the past and earned (if they have not received) the consideration of the powers that be, and the gratitude of their fellow-countrymen. One would have thought all possible jobs would have been put their way. But we learn that they have been ignored in the matter of manning the searchlights, and that the work which properly should have been theirs has been given to counter-jumpers and sprigs with influence in the borough. Unmarried men of between 20 and 30 are fit subjects for Kitchener's Army, and we cannot see why they should be pranked up in naval uniform and be paid 30s. and upwards per week for doing work which could be more efficiently performed by old salts, who would be only too glad to see such a substantial addition to their income, and who, being family men, would know how to make good use of it.

War and Whist.

Who and what is the Mr. B. S. Fidler who throws his weight about, what there is of it, in the *Prestatyn Weekly*, we do not know, but he certainly fiddles some queer strings. He is awfully shocked to see, in the columns of our contemporary, accounts of concerts, dramas, and whist-drives in connection with places of worship. "Is it not for this," he asks, "that we are suffering the scourge of this dreadful war?" Think of that now! Here we ungodly folk are deluding ourselves into the belief that we are fighting for all the virtues, and a Fidler at Prestatyn suddenly bobs up to remind us that the War is a scourge for all our social vices. If Fidler will go and smash the Kaiser on condition that we cease our sin, we will solemnly promise not to partake in a church or chapel whist-drive for years to come.

A Jealous Editor.

Several readers in Dunbeath send us the comments of a Leven editor on our paragraph "Hats Off to Dunbeath." We congratulated the little township on the fact that out of 2,500 population 1,000 had enlisted, every eligible man having joined the Colours; but the editor at Leven not only makes a gruesome effort to be funny because we said "Dunbeath is in Fifeshire, the constituency of Mr. Asquith"—when, to be precise, the Prime Minister represents only half of Fifeshire—but alleges that our leg has been pulled as to Dunbeath's glory. The answer is that the facts are those furnished by the recruiting sergeant, who must know more about them than a puir wee mon who evidently knows nothing about them at all. Leven shouldna be jealous.

Result of our Football Competition No. 15. See page 31.

THE GLORY THAT SHALL BE.

PEACE IN THE AIR--A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

Just as for several years before the war began we stood practically alone in the journalistic world, warning the nation and the Government of what was coming, so it is now our distinction to be unique amongst the prophets by predicting that we are already witnessing the beginning of the end. But there is a fundamental distinction between the two positions. In the one case we spoke of that which we *knew*—what, indeed, everybody *ought* to have known; whilst to-day we give utterance to merely our opinion, based to *some* extent upon inner information, it is true, but resting mainly on common-sense deductions from the facts of the situation. And we at present see no reason to modify in any way our optimistic view.

Behind the Scenes.

Of what is happening behind the scenes we are not at liberty to say much. On another page of this issue we have hinted that big developments are pending—and we know what we are saying. If the Huns imagine that their High Sea Fleet is to remain indefinitely in Kiel harbour, they will soon be disillusioned. The resources of naval science are not yet exhausted—as Heligoland and Wilhelmshaven will soon discover. Nor will any system of submarine blockade or sea-mining stop the due landing of another million of the new Army—and there are more unlikely things than that Lord Kitchener himself will ere long take supreme command in the field. Then, to use the old colloquialism, we shan't be long—and, again, even the forts of the Rhine will find that the new British siege gun is an ugly and formidable weapon—more terrible than anything yet seen in the war. And, again, there are the neutral countries of Italy, Holland and Denmark. We predict that they will not remain neutral much longer. They see now what German power really means, and what a German victory would entail upon them. The fact that they have so far held aloof is one of the anomalies of the situation—but that anomaly is about to end. Austria, too, has had almost enough of the Kaiser—and Hungary has had quite enough of the Austrian Emperor. Indeed, the breaking up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is one of the certainties of the early future. Poor old Francis Joseph cannot live much longer—and his death will be the signal for a great Hungarian rising against both Austrian and German rule. In the meantime, the population is sullen and restless, and its sympathies are far more in favour of than against Russia and Servia. Then, too, it is difficult to believe that the apathy of the United States can continue—difficult as we admit her position to be. And, finally, there is the great factor of the break-up of the winter weather in the East. All these things are, of course, present to the mind of the Kaiser and his advisers. They know that they are beaten, and their one idea to-day is to secure a settlement whilst their own country is intact, in order to save their faces—and their necks—when they go back to Berlin. And thus it comes about that subtle and insidious overtures for peace are already on foot. They will not, of course, in the first instance, be addressed to Britain. The tortuous diplomacy of the Wilhelmstrasse will strive, even at the eleventh hour, to snatch "victory," or the semblance of it, from the jaws of impending disaster. In all likelihood an attempt will be made to buy off Russian hostility and to placate the enmity of France; but we have confidence in our Allies, whose interests after all are largely identical with our own, and are fully convinced that the pretty scheme will come to naught. We shall stand together at the Peace Conference, as we have stood in the field; and we do not doubt that "conversations"—as they are termed in the language of diplomacy—in regard to possible terms have already taken place between Sir Edward Grey and the diplomatic envoys of the Allied Powers. It is more than probable that in anticipation of a German collapse, or of a bid for peace at Berlin, Russia, France and Great Britain have already formulated their demands, ready for instant presentation at the psychological moment; and, when the time arrives, we shall learn with a shock of surprise that the Government claiming to "represent" us has offered to make peace with the Berlin Butcher upon terms which we have had no opportunity to consider, and of which, quite possibly, we may wholly disapprove. Moreover, should things pan out in this way, the ordinary citizen will have no legal ground of complaint, for according to the British Constitution, which badly needs soleing and heeling, the right to make peace, like that to make war, is vested in the King in Council—which for practical purposes means in the Ministers of the Crown. Parliament need not be consulted. In the supreme crises of our national fate, the Executive, for all our talk of democracy, wields absolute power. We may hope that the present Ministry will exercise its limitless authority with a due sense of responsibility, but we have no guarantee that it will do so—and we know—what we know. Unless we are on our guard, we may find ourselves at peace as suddenly and as unexpectedly as in August last we found ourselves at war. At peace with the Thugs! Make no mistake. Powerful influences are already at work. So much for what is going on behind the scenes.

The Deciding Facts.

Now let us look, for a moment, at the vital facts—the facts which must, by operation of natural laws, make for an early end of the war. First of all, do you realise that, in one way and another, there are no less than twenty million men in arms—twenty millions, to be fed, and to be provided with all the elementary decencies of life, every day. Just ponder that fact well; think of it in all its aspects, and bearing in mind the limited area in which these men live and move and have their being, ask yourself what must be the condition of affairs, after six months of it? And the warm weather will soon be here! Do you realise that the war is costing upwards of ten million pounds a day, and that the total already exceeds two thousand millions sterling?

Do you realise that Germany's food supply is running out; that she is getting short of ammunition; that her people are growing restless, and weary of waiting for the fall of Paris, the capture of Calais, and other things which never come? Do you realise that we are forcing the Dardanelles and shall soon be able, quite apart from the question of food supplies, to pour munitions of war in huge quantities into the Eastern theatre of operations? Do you realise that for months past our arsenals have been working night and day turning out the most terrible weapons of destruction which the world has ever known? All these things are patent to the Man in the Street, if only he will take the trouble to look at them. *Are* they compatible with a long-drawn-out continuance of the war? And what *can* our politicians be thinking about when they predict a three years' conflict? No; as we have said, the end is in sight.

THE GLORY THAT SHALL BE.

And so we come to the more congenial task of contemplating the glory that shall be, when the ghastly business is all over. We will not recapitulate the Heads of Settlement which we have already more than once enumerated, and which represent the minimum demands of the Allies. The benefit of that settlement will inure to the advantage of France and Russia and our other friends equally with ourselves. But over and above all purely material gain, this war is to be the precursor of a new era for the British race and Empire. And we want the Government to realise that fact. As we said in our article, published in the early days of the war: "There can be only one result. Germany has chosen her time, and she must abide the consequences. It were unchivalrous to belittle her resources or to question the bravery of her sons. We make no mistake as to the magnitude of the task before us. With a full consciousness of the import of our words, we say quite simply that the German Fleet must be swept from the face of the seas. Her pretensions to the mastery of the waves must be buried ocean deep. No false notions of humanity, or of economy, must be permitted to hinder the work of destruction. It is not we who have drawn the sword, but it shall be sheathed again at our good pleasure. From the close of this war Germany shall use the waterways of the world by the courtesy of Britain. On every sea her pennons shall dip to the Union Jack.

"There is bound to be a cruel aftermath. No one can gauge the havoc that must be wrought to our peaceful civilisation; but we shall pay the price without blenching. It is the ransom of our nationhood. As we ruefully pick up the threads of our ordered progress, we shall need all the courage we can muster and all the wisdom we can command. We shall be rid of a mighty menace. The race of armaments will have been run, and the palm finally awarded. We shall wear it with humility, strenuously bending our shoulders to the task of reconstruction. The war will spell death to much besides German aggression. From the furnace of conflict a new Britain will emerge. As we stand to-day in the face of an armed foe, so must we stand on the morrow of victory, face to face with its awful cost. Having once felt the ultimate oneness of racial kinship, we must have done for ever with our miserable divisions in Church and State. Having glimpsed the realities of destiny in one blinding flash, we must never revert to the shams and make-beliefs which have polluted our public life and perverted our National purpose. Brave men will have died in their thousands for the love of Britain. Is it too much to ask that the rest of us should learn to live for her in sincerity and honour? Some such thoughts as these must need arise as we shout in unison for the Flag of our fathers."

When it comes to peace, we must assert ourselves as the predominant partner. We must not be handicapped or embarrassed by the views of the special interests of the diverse Powers which in the romantic irony of history have become our gallant and trusted Allies. Apart from their military significance, our *entente* with France and Russia, and our alliance with Japan, mean that these widely differing nations are in bitter revolt against the shameless creed of modern Germany, and are content to make common cause with ourselves in the interests of humanity and civilisation. They mean, further, that the final settlement of the conflict shall reflect the basic principles of British rule, with the goodwill of all the Allies. Great Britain shall dictate to Germany such terms as shall make it for ever impossible for her to disturb the peace of Europe or in any way to molest her neighbours. There shall be no compromise. Better a hundred years of war than one decade of ignoble truce. For the Huns there can be no re-admission to the free commonwealth of Europe. They have sinned past human forgiveness. From the ruined homesteads of stricken Belgium, and from the blood-drenched plains of Northern France, their guilt cries to Heaven for vengeance—and the hour of their doom is at hand. Once the murdering Teuton is put down from his proud place, we may look forward with quiet confidence. Our unalterable faith in Britain's high destiny affords rich promise of a glorious future, in which the trials now heavy upon us shall be no more than the dark remembrance of a dream. Death and destruction shall be wholly swallowed up in victory. Beneath the sheltering shade of the *Pax Britannica*, commerce shall thrive, industry prosper, wealth increase. Freed from the jealous envy of a powerful rival, Britain shall recover her challenged supremacy in the western fraternity of nations, and her voice shall regain its ancient potency in the councils of Europe. Once more she shall become the recognised champion of small nations, the banner-bearer of freedom, imparting to the world the wisdom learned in the quiet security of her sea-girt isle. On the Seven Seas her fleet shall ride unchallenged, to protect the honour of her daughter-nations, and to ensure the peace and commerce of the world. ***We shall not disarm.*** Might added to Right, the powers of Hell shall not prevail against their union.

That is why we still ask for recruits. Does the picture thrill you? Do you feel the throb of racial pride? Then delay not a moment. Your King and Country need you—the Country that is—and the mighty Empire that yet shall be. "Wider still and wider" shall "her bounds be set," and "God who made her mighty" shall "make her mightier yet."

A MARTYR OF EMPIRE.

COLONIAL OFFICER'S UNHAPPY FATE.

The Colonial Service of the Crown is widely supposed to be a "soft thing," in which, with plenty to get and little or nothing to do, the pampered official may idly meander through luxurious days. The alluring picture is a good deal overdrawn, for there are notable exceptions, and Britain will perhaps never know the true extent of her obligation to some of the men who have laboured unceasingly for the maintenance of her honour and prestige in the remote outposts of Empire. Some such reflection is suggested by facts which have lately come to our knowledge in reference to the untimely death of Mr. George Darbishire, who for some years held the post of Relieving Officer, and latterly of Deputy-Commissioner, at Ocean Island, in the Western Pacific Group. In the words of a correspondent intimately acquainted with his life and work :—

> It was the old story of the willing horse. His life was just muddled away—too much work. He worked till his death.

From an equally authentic source we are able to confirm and supplement these disquieting suggestions. There is unimpeachable authority for the following statements of fact :—

> At the time of his death, Mr. Darbishire had served for nearly six years in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Protectorate, during which time he had only two months' vacation leave. For the last three years of this period he discharged the duties of 1st and 2nd Clerks in the Ocean Island Office, in addition to the normal responsibilities of his official position. During this time all typewritten work which left the office was executed by him. Although these clerical posts were allowed for in the Colonial Office estimates, they remained unfilled till the date of Mr. Darbishire's death, and this in spite of his repeated applications for office assistance.

There is ample evidence that the services of this overworked officer were highly valued, both at the Headquarters of the Protectorate and at the Colonial Office, although it is much to be regretted that no means were found to relieve the excessive burden of duty, beneath which he ultimately collapsed. Acknowledging the intimation of his death, Sir Bickham Sweet Escott, High Commissioner of the Protectorate, wrote :—

> I have learnt with deep regret of the death on the 28th ultimo of Mr. George Darbishire. I shall be much obliged if you will be so good as to convey to Mr. Darbishire's widow my sincere sympathy with her in her bereavement, and my high appreciation of the services rendered to the Protectorate by her late husband. Mrs. Darbishire may like to know that it had been my intention to bring those services to the favourable notice of the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

We have no clue to the feelings of the grief-stricken widow upon perusal of this warm elegy, but we can imagine her impressed with the sad futility of such posthumous marks of favour, the occasion of which might almost certainly have been averted by more timely consideration for the health of the deceased officer. The sting of such a reflection can hardly have been removed by the subsequent receipt of a formal message of sympathy from the Secretary of State. By this time some doubt has arisen as to the widow's claim to an annuity, to which she would have been clearly entitled under a pensions' scheme then under consideration by the Colonial Office. The scheme has now obtained official sanction, but although her husband died only three weeks before its final ratification, we learn that Mrs. Darbishire has been most unfairly excluded from its provisions. We have seldom encountered a more unlovely instance of official ingratitude.

Whether the whole of the facts of the case are within the knowledge, or rather the remembrance, of the Colonial Office, we are unable to say, but they obviously serve to establish Mrs. Darbishire's claim to an annuity upon irrefragable grounds. The cash gratuities "—the term is offensive—which she had received are alike disproportionate to the gravity of her loss and to the value of the public services ungrudgingly rendered by her lamented husband at the ultimate cost of his life. Perhaps Mr. Secretary Harcourt will be good enough to give renewed attention to a claim so richly worthy of generous consideration.

BOY AND BRUTE.

HOW APPRENTICES ARE DISCIPLINED AT SEA.

It is a startling revelation that, though flogging in the Navy is abolished, in the Fish Marine it is still *de rigueur*. Yet the Ramsgate case of the skipper and his apprentice who refused to go to sea has received the scantiest public notice, though it throws a flood of light on the brutal treatment to which some Masters subject their apprentices. The defendant, Cecil Edward James Brenchley, had been apprenticed to his skipper, Samuel Donn, of the fishing vessel *Alfred*, from a Tonbridge workhouse, and the prosecution, impudent to the point of audacity in the circumstances—alleged his refusal to obey the orders of the Superintendent of Mercantile Marine—that is to say, declining to continue his service with Donn on the trawler. The lad may not be among either the brightest or the best. He himself admitted in court that "sometimes he deserved to be punished, but he only did what other boys did when they went to sea—the skipper himself had said that"; while on the other side it was not denied that in some things the lad got on well. He stated his reasons for refusing to rejoin the ship clearly, definitely, and, judging by his admissions, truthfully. The evidence of the doctor who examined him confirmed his statements of the skipper's brutality "The skipper has always been cruel to me," he attested. The man kicked him, thrashed him with a rope "nearly as thick as his wrist," and once, when some cheese had been stolen, he was blamed for it, and the skipper "knocked his teeth down his neck."

There were two hearings of the case, and the magistrates must have wondered, as we do, what the Superintendent of Mercantile Marine was doing in this galley. Asked by the Mayor whether he would cancel the lad's indentures, the skipper said he would not; "he did not think these boys should be allowed to get clear, because someone would have to build up the Ramsgate fishing industry later on." Whatever its future, we hope the Ramsgate fishing industry is not at present being built up on the methods of Samuel Donn, for in that case we should have to say that the sooner it got clear of him, the better. Probably Donn was never more surprised in his life than when he left the court with the magisterial decision against him. While the justices are considering the future of Brenchley, we suggest that the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, or some other authority, should consider the future of Donn.

CLERIC'S CALLOUS CONSOLATION.

CANCER OF THE TONGUE AS A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

One of our readers, unfortunately stricken with cancer of the tongue, recently wrote to the Rev. Percy S. Whelan, of Brenchley Vicarage, Kent, asking for assistance in obtaining work as a "male general," and this is the reply which the reverend gentleman sent :—

> I am sorry that I know of nobody here or anywhere else that could give you suitable work. Here, as you know, there is only rough farm-work to be done, which you could not possibly do. And when I wrote some time ago to the three references you gave me, none of them had any suggestion to offer of any work they could get for you. The Eastbourne Infirmary may go against your wishes and inclinations but it cannot possibly "kill your soul and spirit," as you suggest. The soul lives for ever; and it may be that God is using the discipline of suffering and pain to teach you to submit to His will, whatever it be; and to repent of sin. The comforts of the body are not the true value of life; the penitence of the soul is of infinite value for time and for eternity. The prospect of £1 a week would, if you realised it, contribute to your comfort, but would it bring you nearer to God? You can only answer this by your past experience of life, and by the reflection that as a rule comfort and pleasure make men forget God, and go far from God; whereas pain and suffering, if they are meekly received as God's discipline, bring men nearer to God. We all are suffering during these war times, and my wife and I have to give up many things that we want and cannot have.

The only comment we make upon such an extraordinary epistle is to repeat the title of our recent article—"Wanted, a New Religion"!

Now is the time to "Bullet." Have a shot this week. See page 32.

TIMELY AID.

SHABBY TACTICS OF DENMARK HILL FIRM.

Again we have a small bone to pick with Messrs. J. A. Davis and Co., flash jewellers and pledgemongers, of Denmark Hill, S.E. A King's Lynn mother informs us that prior to the outbreak of war her son, then in good civil employment, engaged with the firm to purchase a pair of field-glasses upon the instalment plan. She adds :—

> He had been in the Army Service Corps, so when the war broke out he had to leave home. For a time he was at Colchester, but in November some of his company were attached to the 4th Suffolks to help with their transport to France. When he left home I could not keep up the payments for the glasses; in fact, we could hardly manage to get along. Twenty years of age, he was my oldest of nine, and he allowed me 11s. a week. I have six other children under school age. When the Company kept writing for the money, I wrote and explained things to them and told them that if my son were spared he would finish paying for the glasses. That does not seem to satisfy them, for they keep threatening me.

Meanwhile, the good woman had experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining that portion of her son's Army pay which he had arranged to allot to her, and it was only by dint of the utmost economy that she could keep a roof over her children's heads. In these distressing circumstances Messrs. Davis and Co. displayed an entire absence of sympathy, ruthlessly insisting upon the letter of their bond, nor did they scruple to ignore the provisions of the law for the protection of such debtors. Failing the immediate payment of the balance, they roughly demanded the return of the glasses, which by this time were doubtless employed upon his Majesty's service in France. Brushing aside the provisions of the Emergency Act, which clearly covered the case, they wrote :—

> We would point out to you that the glasses were supplied to your son on the distinct understanding that payments were to be regularly paid every month and until the whole of the amount was paid the glasses were to remain our property. We think you will agree that we have every right to demand our property back, and we must therefore repeat our remarks in our letter of the 14th, and ask you to be good enough to send the glasses back within the next three days.

At this juncture the harassed woman appealed to us for advice, which, happily, we were able to couple with a measure of tangible assistance. To relieve her anxiety, we paid off the hungry instalment sharks, although, as we have explained, they would have had no chance of success in a legal action. Before taking any drastic steps they must have applied to a County Court Judge, who would have given the debtor every opportunity of showing that her inability to pay was due to the war, and would doubtless have modified the terms of payment.

Another reader—an Irishman—sent to Davis and Co. for a watch, which duly arrived, accompanied by a ten years' guarantee to the effect that if anything went wrong with the works during that period, it would be put right free of charge. Something appears to have been out of order from the first. Sometimes the hands went fast, and sometimes they dropped back three or four hours. A fortnight of this erratic behaviour was enough for the purchaser, who then packed up the watch and returned it to Davis and Co. for repairs, in accordance with their guarantee. A few days after arrived, not the repaired watch, but an account for 1s. 6d.; whereupon the purchaser wrote reminding Davis and Co. that the article was guaranteed for ten years, and declining to send the 1s. 6d. Davis and Co. were not in the least moved by this. They again forwarded the account, without the watch, and were again written to—this time to the effect that the matter would be placed in the hands of a solicitor. Davis and Co. appear to have been momentarily taken aback by this, for on the 22nd January they wrote saying they were returning the watch. However, they changed their mind, and though urged again and again to fulfil their undertaking, merely reiterated their demand for 1s. 6d. The watch remains with them. This is a warning. When we want a timepiece we shall not go to Davis and Co. for it.

We are watching Messrs. Davis and Co. with both eyes skinned.

SIMPLE SAMUEL GREEN.

"BELGIAN REFUGEE" BUNKUM.

There is an air of innocence about the name of Samuel, suggestive of simplicity and childish faith. When, moreover, you harness it to the surname Green, your thoughts dwell on the dolt, the simpleton, and the species "mug."

But if, one morning, you find Simple Samuel Green offering you a tempting handbill bearing the exclamative title "Help!" do be wary—especially if friend Sam shows that, under the veneer of a seemingly unwashed face, there are features of the Sunday salesman of Petticoat Lane. Yes, Simple Samuel Green is no greenhorn. Here is his handbill—*bearing no address* :—

> HELP!
>
> THE MAN THAT WILL HELP
>
> THE BELGIAN REFUGEES.
>
> I, SAM GREEN, a native of France, will give a percentage out of my profits to the Belgian Refugees' Funds.
>
> I have £300 worth of Goods to dispose of before I retire from business.
>
> The following are the Goods :—
>
> All kinds of Sideboard Covers in all colours; Night-Dress Cases; Cosey Covers; Ladies' Dress Lengths, best material, great bargains; Alarm Clocks, best makes; all kinds of Ladies' Blouses; Silk Scarves, black and white; all kinds of Cushion Covers; Pillow Covers; Bolster Covers; all kinds of Centre Covers; all kinds Table Covers; Table Napkins; Tea Cloths and Tray Cloths in all colours; Mantel Borders; Aprons, Overalls and Underclothing.
>
> I guarantee the Goods I sell will give my Customers great satisfaction.
>
> Yours faithfully, SAM GREEN.
>
> Kindly keep this bill until called for.

There are far too many of these "Helpers" of the Belgians about, and Sam Green is one of the most impudent of the lot. As for Sam being a native of France, he seems to be the first of that nationality to bear such a name. He says he will give a percentage of his profits to the Belgian Refugees' Funds. What percentage? If you wish to help the Belgians, do so by subscription to one of the recognised Funds. Green's happy hunting-ground at present is the South of Ireland, very near to Blarney!

A WORD TO LORD HARDINGE.

GERMAN CHEF D'ORCHESTRE AT DELHI.

An Anglo-Indian correspondent sends us a photographic replica of a music programme, lately issued in connection with a special band performance at the Viceregal Lodge, Delhi. At its foot we notice the name of "H. E. E. Büchner," who is described as "Director of Music to H.E. The Viceroy," and our friend informs us that this gentleman, as his name would suggest, is a subject of the Kaiser. It seems scarcely credible that Lord Hardinge should retain the services of an enemy alien in any capacity, and we are quite prepared to learn that Herr Büchner is a naturalised British subject, whose heart brims over with loving regard for the Empire of his adoption; but be this as it may, we confess to a lingering prejudice in the matter. At a time when the nation is straining every nerve to get even with an unscrupulous foe, we strongly object to any such Hunnish cognomen at the foot of a British official band-programme, and we fancy our feeling on the point will be pretty widely shared. We gather that Herr Büchner's band is largely composed of military musicians, drawn from various units of the British Army in India, to whose loyal sentiments the retention of a German bandmaster is a direct affront. In this connection our correspondent writes :—

> I have been informed on the best authority that the members of His Excellency's Band did practically "strike" and refused to play under Herr Büchner, but as serving soldiers, and to avoid loss of pension, etc., by reduction of rank or return to their regiments, they have been forced to submit.

If our correspondent is correctly informed, disciplinary pressure was never adapted to a more unworthy end. Whatever his gifts as a conductor, Herr Büchner should "stand down" till the end of the war. By the way, is there no British musician at Delhi or thereabouts worthy to wield the Viceregal baton?

2,846 "Bullets" prizes value £1,100 to be won this week. See page 32.

A CLERGYMAN AND HIS FLATS.

QUEER MIXTURE OF RELIGION, RENT AND SCARLET WOMEN.

Whatever the religion professed by the Rev. James Edward Hand, of 102, Guilford Street, Bloomsbury, the result of his appearance in the Bow Street Police Court suggests that he has not acquired enough of it. He was invited to the court by the Town Clerk of Holborn, acting for the Borough Council, to answer the accusation that he was wilfully a party to the continued use for an unlawful purpose of No. 31, Lamb's Conduit Street, Bloomsbury, of which he is the landlord. A fortnight previously he had been brought to the same court to reply to a charge of making similar wilful use of his property in Red Lion Street, Holborn, when he was given the benefit of the doubt in circumstances of grave suspicion. In the magistrate's mind the evidence against the rev. gentleman as to Lamb's Conduit Street does not admit of doubt; it clearly points to the fact that Mr. Hand has let his flats to scarlet women, well knowing the colour they flaunted on the premises. It was proved, in the first place, that he had collected his own rents from the tenants during the past three or four years. In the second place, it was proved that during that period the premises had been the subject of a number of complaints made by neighbours to the Borough Council. In the third place, it was proved that the Town Clerk had written to the rev. gentleman, saying that he was satisfied that the complaints were well founded, and that steps should be taken to prevent the premises "being so used in future." In the fourth place, it was proved that after this there was improvement in the letting, that subsequently the complaints were renewed, and that eventually a scarlet woman was proceeded against for offences within the meaning of the Act, and sentenced to three months hard labour. In the fifth place, it was proved that, notwithstanding this deplorable episode and "repeated complaints," the Rev. James Edward Hand took no steps whatever to rid his property of red ladies, and the Borough Council had no alternative except "to bring these proceedings into court to read a gentleman who behaved in this way a lesson, if the magistrate thought the facts showed that there had been a persistent disregard of warnings." In the face of all this testimony, the short answer of the Rev. James Edward Hand was that he did not know "the premises were being used like this." Unfortunately for the rev. gentleman, he failed to convince the magistrate, who seems to have taken the view that he was also a liar; and not only a liar, but that special brand of liar who cannot be believed on his oath, and a fine of £20, with £10 10s. costs, was imposed.

Of course, Mr. Hand may appeal, or he may not; but if he does, nothing we may say can possibly influence the tribunal before which the appeal will come. And therefore we express our decided view that the Magistrate could not have avoided convicting, and that the clergyman who stoops to landlordism of the sort in question stamps himself as a hypocrite and a humbug, and a disgrace to his cloth.

PEDDLING PATRIOTS.

POLICE AND PESTIFEROUS PAMPHLET PURVEYORS.

The following advertisement is from a morning paper:—

> LADIES; 10s. weekly and fares; also commission; to sell penny publications for a patriotic cause; licence provided free. Apply 11 o'clock, Mutual Association, 89, Farringdon Street, Ludgate Circus.

The address is identical with that from which a notorious individual named Alroy used to run his "National Patriotic Society"; but in the present instance, although frequent visits have been paid by our representative to the small attic occupied by the Association, the room has been locked on every occasion, a notice being up requesting that letters, parcels and telegrams should be dropped through a large slit in the door. This arrangement should be convenient to a body engaged in letting a horde of girls loose on the streets; for though it is easy to kick a door, the person behind it is immune—unless you kick hard. It will be noted that the Association offers to find licences for its employees. We suggest, however, that the police should not grant them to the emissaries of this "patriotic cause."

A PENNY ON A POUND.

FAT PROFITS AND LEAN COMMISSIONS ON TEA.

While lamenting the narrow margin of profit obtainable in the tea-agency business as worked by Messrs. Lipton, Limited, a correspondent pays the firm the compliment of declaring that they are no whit worse than their rivals in the trade. He is especially annoyed, however, by their tactics in relation to the Chancellor's additional duty upon tea, and he suggests that we shall be "doing a good turn to many traders" by voicing their grievances in the matter. In the interests of fairness, we cannot do better than quote from a circular recently issued to agents from the City office of the firm, which runs:—

> *Re* Extra War Tax of 3d. per lb. on Tea.
> Duty now 8d. per lb.
>
> Owing to the exceptionally high prices now ruling for Tea and the heavy duty of 8d. per lb., we are reluctantly compelled to alter the terms of supply to Agents of our 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. blends. From this date, therefore, the terms will be as under—
>
> | *Retail Price.* | *Agents' Price.* |
> |---|---|
> | 1s. 6d. per lb. | 1s. 5d. per lb. |
> | 1s. 8d. ,, | 1s. 6½d. ,, |
>
> Some of our competitors have withdrawn 1s. 6d. Tea from sale altogether, but as we wish to assist our Agents in every way, we shall continue to supply our 1s. 6d. blend at the revised price.

It will be seen that by this open-handed arrangement the lucky middleman scoops the whole of three halfpence on a pound of 1s. 8d. tea, and a penny a pound on the cheaper variety. The limits of parsimony could scarcely be pushed further, and if it be, indeed, a fact that other tea merchants are equally niggardly in their dealings with the trade, it is hard to see why the small dealer should trouble to stock proprietary brands. It is perhaps in the hope that customers shopping in search of their favourite tea may be tempted to purchase more profitable commodities, but we doubt if Messrs. Lipton will long retain the custom of their agents upon these skinflint terms. Our correspondent, who tells us that he has been selling their tea for a good many years, is evidently getting tired of the game. He writes:—

> While they have only increased retail price in many grades by 2d. per lb., they have taken the difference out of the miserable allowance due to the retailer and in these circumstances their sanctimonious talk of "assisting the trade" makes one sick.

The remaining clauses of the circular before us merely enhance the bilious tendency. We find that regular orders for 1s. 6d. tea can only be executed "in retail quantities and at full retail prices," and in order that there may be no lingering doubt upon this point, it is clearly explained that 5 lb. bags retailed to the public at 7s. 6d. will henceforth be supplied to agents at 7s. 2d. This last offer is evidently regarded as a "snip," and Messrs. Lipton trust that agents will "appreciate their decision in the matter." By the way, this otherwise luminous and candid epistle seems to contain no reference to the company's net profits for their last trading year.

THINGS THAT MATTER.

ADMIRALTY ADMITS ALIENS AND ASKS FOR DISASTER.

Our Admiralty in fixing charter parties for vessels lays it down that in each case the crews must be composed of Britons unless the supply falls short. We have indisputable evidence, however, that the British man is told to stand aside while the Continental sailor is employed. For instance, the *Kassala* was recently chartered by the Government for a voyage not exceeding three years. She was to sail under sealed orders. She signed on a crew at Newcastle-on-Tyne; out of 27 hands seven aliens were engaged, although Britons of the same ratings were outside the office begging for berths. Out of a total of six deck hands three aliens were taken on, and the staff of firemen included three aliens out of nine. Although we have no reason to impute to any of the crew an intention to act in a manner adverse to the interests of this country, we must say that we do not think it right that in times like the present positions like these should be occupied by persons not of obvious British descent.

Now for our great £1,500 Football Prize. Final Coupon. See page 31.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

• BERNHARDT THE BRAVE •

The greatest actress of her time,
Her own, or any nation,
With courage more than half sublime
Submits to amputation.

•THE KITCHENER TOUCH•

"Get back to work," says Kitchener;
The striker slightly blenches:
"By striking you're deserting, sir,
Your comrades in the trenches!"

TURKEY TROTTERS

The forcing of the Dardanelles,
If to a finish carried,
The Turk's kick-out from Europe spells,
Which he of old has harried.

• L.G. AT LLANDUDNO •

Lloyd George attends a grand parade
Of Welsh troops at Llandudno;
Of Wales' response some were afraid,
But not so George, who *did* know.

•THE BRITISH NAVVY•

The British Navy rules the sea,
Assisted by the French's,
And British navvies soon will be
A-ruling of the trenches!

• BOTTOMLEY AT BATTERSEA•

To Battersea goes Bottomley,
And there is no disputing
The words he uttered there will be
A great aid to recruiting.

VODKA, "VISKY" AND VITRIOL.

THE SAINTS COMMUNING WITH THE SPIRITS.

Russia has prohibited the sale of vodka, France has suppressed the sale of absinthe—"the little green devil" in the bottle. Now all is well, save for the fact that we, as a nation, cling to the spirit of the pot-still, and cure our colds and influenza with libations of rum hot. But why should we do so, seeing that our Allies are doing remarkably well on cold tea?

The Russian soldier without his vodka, the French fighter without his absinthe, are undoubtedly brave and efficient, but are they one whit more so than Tommy, who has a pull at his flask of rum in the cold trenches? We have conversed with many soldiers back from the front, with officers and non-commissioned officers, and in every instance they have spoken of their rum as a "godsend." That word "godsend" is right, although the strictly correct expression is "good-send." The spirits that we dole out to Jack and Tommy are refreshingly good. Vodka and absinthe are different propositions. If Tommy and Jack were treated to rum adulterated with 50 per cent. of methylated spirit we, too, would call for its total abolition.

As with our fighters, so with "all branches of civilian industry." The chief sub-editors of Fleet Street, who pass the Crank's Appeal to the compositors, and so on to the public, are themselves a standing refutation of the non-alcoholic contentions of the cranks. All journalists recognise the inner significance of the "Spirit" of the Press.

THE GERMAN SUBMARINE.

Under the curling waves the monster dips,
The grey sea from her iron carcase slides,
Unseen and snakelike, stealthily she slips
Near the great vessels waiting on the tides;
Swiftly the venomous torpedo spins
Straight to the craft whose Red Cross flag is seen;
The hospital ship sinks; the murd'rer grins,
"Ha! this is War!" exults the Submarine.

Veiled by the cloudy curtain of the night,
Shrouded in all its silent mysteries,
Leaving a track of phosphorescent light,
Again comes the assassin of the seas,
Its tube of death speeds hissing through the dark,
A whirlpool shudders where a ship has been;
What though the victim was a neutral barque?
"God punish England!" prays the Submarine.

As the pink dawn draws on, the pirate steers
Out to the fairway, winging wireless news
That shall be echoed through Berlin with cheers
For these black vessels with their cut-throat crews.
But, stay—one shell, a shot, one glancing blow,
And yon sea-viper quits this mortal scene;
A little oil upon the ocean's flow,
A bubble breaks—this was the Submarine!

RICHARD MORTON.

Don't forget the "John Bull" Pen Coupon on page ii of Cover.